

A close-up photograph of a person's arm and hand. The person is wearing a white t-shirt with a graphic. They are using a yellow paintbrush to apply thick red paint to their forearm. The paint is being applied in a way that creates a large, solid red area. The background is dark and out of focus.

the GREAT dogs of ninkilim

EXISTENTIAL
OUTSIDER
POETRY

2017

2019

TEMPLES TO THE MAMMON BEAST

the absolute criterion of a culture
in severe dire straits of dignity and distress,
is its increasing persistence and insistence
of its denizens and the ruling class alike
to dwell and obsess over the minutiae of pleasure,
and on pleasure and carnality as ends-in-themselves

excess and boundarylessness
becomes but a game

the denizen imitates, emulates whatever he sees in front of him,
or indeed thinks he is seeing, when he is looking upward the steps
of the great pyramid to the plateau of the lizard elites above

on the pillar ! on the pylon...

the embodiment of luxury, greed, material conquest !
sensory excess beyond satiation,
definite marker of status and success :

the sybaritic and extravagant, the self-indulgent,
all the gleam, gold and glitter of inferno
and all the acedia of avarice becomes allowed,
passively but decisively... at last

a primal cultural detriment and a plain evil,
a shadowed working of the Horned One !

the tipping point of a culture festering, simmering
in this kind of sloth, sodomism and narcissism
is when becomes popular and widespread and eventually complete
the promulgation and popularization of the idea
that there is no Truth, no Justice, no Authority nor Faith
and that there are no common ethical and hamartiological
denominators to human life

when truth disappears – truth, justice, authority and faith disappear –
the void must be filled with something (!)
and that something is – i lament –
nihilism, hedonism, atheism :

a staunchly perceived "subjectivity" of truth, of identity,
of purpose and of responsibility distills therefrom, and it is
a most noxious poison to the human !

we can see that today, more and more

we should not substitute these fundamental bearing-baulks of reality
with the self-absorbed imaginations of intellectual cretins,
ideological idiots and invertebrate lifeless pawns –
lousy carps in a pond, unknowingly swimming their own shit !

there occur events on the enormous chessboards, of culture-wars
and geopolitical power-struggles, so insurmountable in their legacy,
impact and complexity, that almost no-one – let alone the peasantry, fools
and commonfolk – do not even recognize them to be real :
it all flies all well above and beyond their turd minds !

i heed no advice from soft, existential losers
so futilely performing in the practical challenges of life !
and by this decree, and in the name of this principle,
i shall forevermore refrain
from advising anyone ever again also !

keep your tongue in your throat as i shall do mine !

i take no advice on fitness from the feeble-bodied !
i take no sermon on spirituality from an atheist !
but at the same token, in the name of intellectual integrity,
i take no advice on sex from a priest either !

but what about duty and discipline?
your addictions are more important.

what about family? they'll take care of themselves –
out of sight, out of mind !
what about honor and dignity?
we all left it at the door when we entered
this black-stoned temple of evil !
mighty entablatured shrines of Mammon, diabolic filth-deity !

here is pedestaled Machiavellianism, and narcissism !
here is found the adulation of unbound libertinism !
and of the blasphemous and provocative anti-theism !

a nihilism deeper than even the lowest
psychological abysses of Zappffe himself,
or the Challenger deep –
whichever is ultimately the deeper of them !

and you turn to the worship of these pedestaled false idols !

is this success ?
is this where the idols of our time are hammered ?

if so, alas : how can we then blame the children
for eating shit when we ourselves so do ?

and how can we blame the enemy
to hate and belittle us, when we so belittle ourselves ?

to live is to amalgamate the soul with the world
and the lived experience... not to live in accord
with the lowliest of your natural, carnal and sensory predilections...

the effacement of our glorious and beautiful history
paves the way to a burning hell ! just they could understand that !

trumpets blare and drumskins snare
with the sullen torpor of anticlimactic, vortical revelation !
and with indifference, sloth and idolatry — let us usher in the age !

we do not even know it yet,
but our children will know it soon enough,
and our enemies – they already know for sure...

there is no antidote to this applied ideology
except humility and faith in something better and greater !

man was certainly not designed for a life in a cubicle,
nor for a life in this modern despondency of alienation

but on lesser days, i damned sure think
that man is not deserving of any better either !

by vocation addicts, liars, egotists, rapists, opportunists, weaklings,
deviant — shameful dogs in human flesh !

losers, trickster, thieves...

these perpetually broken spirits drinking broken bottle-spirits,
shooting paradise with a needle, never hitting rock bottom,
because there is always something you can do to make it even worse !

— rock bottom becomes a utopia,
because rock bottom implies closure at last, at least...

if the world is sane, and should be thought of as sane –
the dominant culture, the political establishment, the industrial complex,
the prevailing ethics and ideas of our time, sane –
then the only true freedom is to be found in madness !!!

...and there i have looked extensively
for the polemic of the true life –
the hidden, painful one,
against the false life – the easy, accessible one

if humanity is, by and large,
sane and sober and normal,

or at least perceived, accepted as such,
then i am proud to seek my refuge
in a madness whose depth it can not even grasp !

WITHIN THE SPIDER'S TESSERACT

glitching winds of the fractal hornets
appear and disappear failingly
as if a veil or a mantilla of comets and stars
stuck in faulting dimensional bleed-through

mystical errors of the grand machine
bend the circuits of reality

towards the edge
towards the gate
towards the precipice
towards the tesseract
towards the ultimate hazard of logic
we drift

a clogged machinal taxonomy
stuck in the mire of evolution

vistas of the most acute inferno
break the fourth wall
like a wonderful painting
or a poem out of this world
does

from years of rust, a cage as frail as a cassia-flower :
the spectral scarabs break their confinements
at last !

...and the spider discloses
its hideous apparition...

the planet rolls without aim inside
the spider's tesseract ! hulking forth without meaning
through empty swathes rayless
swinging blindly in the fractal moonless aether

a planet drunk from stardust and putrid honey
circumambulate the spider-curse-Kaba
withershins and forevermore-more-more-more
in an endless cynical cycle

tied to the ankles of something once a deity no more
are the invisible ropes spun from the webs of the spectral arachnid –
eight legs, six eyes – eight times six dimensions deep and wide !

within the tesseract the once-deity teeters
in indignity above the eerie city of cubes
on the 147th moon of Saturn –
suspended upside-down to hang like a bat
in a darkness as total as it is timeless

time lost track of even itself
in this endless aeonic ennui

all the while
the spider spins its web
floating in the tesseract
in nauseating meditations
which are absolutely incomprehensible
and spiritually devastating

THE COLOSSAL RUTTING OF LEVIATHANS

beneath the spur of a mighty Albatross bird
sights are seen
in Atlantic blue

divine shudders of the viridian oceans !

ground-nesting sea-bird of the mighty atoll, i salute you !

the distinct trills
of a wing-pair in extreme vibration
breaks into the sound-frame of Lemuria

(Lemuria was not a geographical continent
but a plane of existence or a dimension)

starved chasml beasts awaken :
enormous star-flesh in palpitation !

gigantic winged oarfish of the depths !

a glowing pupil burning deadly
like a watcher or a vigil
of the boundless constellatory mausolea
storing the mystical secret of Nepenthe !

no eye could ever wholly grasp
no brain could ever wholly remember

dark aquatic perfumes belch voluminously
to obfuscate the kelp
and glowing reefs of coral

woeful sea-weed chaos twist upward
towards a lazy sun spewing lazy lights
packed with eerie stridencies
barely reaching a fathom below surface

divine shudders of the viridian oceans !

come upon us ! let us deserve what we deserve !

come behold
the colossal rutting of leviathans !

even the crackling of a billion lice
can be perceived of down here,
in the deafening silence and darkness
they leave behind their missile trajectories

a sapphire-vein runs below the ocean-floor
from which they derive their sustenance :
the seven great dragons are roused !

Leviathans in seasonal heat
find each-other in the coastal darkness
as the candor of fog disperses
ominously into forms
as a token of their watery
abominable
love

BREAKING THROUGH THE OORT CLOUD

was earth ever more than some insignificant speck of space-dust,
suspended in a sun-beam amongst a trillion others ?

* * *

intergalactic war-chariot breaking through the Oort cloud

exploding forth with supraphysical acceleration

Anunna queen, the one crowned in cosmic wreath,
traverse in gold chariots across eternal fields of nebulae :
a magnificent gamma scepter and the mighty blade of Inanna –
bane of Humwawa – rest on her hips !

two bottles of black Parisian absinthe
in her two crooked witches' hands
spills into the wounds of the world

and iterates the ultimate ominous
Lovecraftian fatalism of mankind

prophetess of fundamental nuclei destruction :
hers is the work, this unpredictable,
unforeseeable, incalculable mass collapse
of moon and man and muon alike

Anunnaki mysticism
deciphered and revealed

queen of the lost ice planetesimals ! her hand commands ...
solar systems error and fault in planned, orchestrated failure –
despot bitch with eyes as Titan and Ganymede
chortling impishly across time and space her supernova sounds !

cosmic prime mover, pulsator of inflationary epochs
tumbling about from the deepest origin of all mysticisms

a fatalistic exploration of human knowledge is encouraged
because Queen knows, it ends inevitably
in a lamented reality unspeakable, unexplainable :
the madness, folly and lunacy which greets us
at the borders to the unknown !

a random absurd cosmic darkness
ambushing the forces of order

the cosmic queen retracts her psalmata...
she spits panspermia into the evervoids !

no human-like life shall ever flourish again
and no green-blue planet shall breathe ever again either

now ! unknown life-forms emerge
from beyond the isotropic curve
amassing from a tenth planet obscure

cloud-pylons ! anti-matter, aether
and absinthe-storms above

see the stars twinkle in the sky ?
... they are collapsing infernally up there !

faster than the speed of light,

she measures her journey
in astronomical units
as she penetrates the outer realms
of L a n i a k e a

**THE TRUE STORY ABOUT
THE PLAY IPHIGÉNIE
AS PERFORMED
IN VERSAILLES ON AUGUST 18, 1764**

theatrical procession descendant
onto a long and verdant avenue
along which fountains are interspersed
with small and crafty rustic grottos

sunflowers, tulips and petunias framing
small ponds with toads croaking
and vines clinging cobweblike
about the pillars rising...

Xanadu of tangling roots and arts refined,
gardened lands of fountains and paradisiacal excesses,
an elegant finery abounds...

sculptured nymphs adorned with natural nimba
and framed in floral wreaths beautifully

imperial balustrades glorify the entablature !

gargoyles carved from marble
supported by gilt tritons
cough their venoms from there up
to descend upon the crowd

brass candelabras
and silvery azure guéridons sway

pilasters support the cornice
wrought in diamond and gold

the royal troupe of actors
performed the cursed tragedy of Iphigenia !

and in an instant, just like that, but in a moment—
they fell to death in violent spasmic seizures !

noses bleeding, joints popping,
bowels discharged, tongues gnawed off,
orbital bones smashed to dust, crania shattered...

it was a nightmare — a total nightmare

for behind the curtain and beyond the stage
worked altogether concealed,
altogether corruptive,
altogether bad-spirited forces

a gruelling conspiracy
an orangery ill-omened, cursed and hexed ...

these halls are convolved
in porphyric smoke of death and jasmine
and evil's malignant magnolias !

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 536

massive volcanic eruptions –
grand ejection of sulfate aerosols

an atmosphere molested –
the sun drapes in bluish nausea

the moon, even when full,
is emptied of vibrance and splendor

as the sun stands in zenith,
right above the dome of our heads !

no shadows are cast from our bodies !
nor from the monuments and buildings
our hands have erected

autumn without storms – winter without frost –
spring without mildness – summer without heat

seasons jumbled together – the frost prolongs into spring

hardened apples, soured grapes –
crops fail amidst dense dry fogs

the advent of pestilent droughts
to previously verdant biomes exuberant
infernial chambers of magmatic currents
collapse into enormous calderas

granite crematoria belches volumes
of carbonized smog across the vast space

AS GRAVE AS THE PASSION OF BRUNHILDA

i am weary and my feet hurts !
i am a bundle of soft, imbecile enthusiasms...

i beg the earth to take me back,
to sever whatever chain
holding me here still !

continuously balancing
on scales i can not quite control
i do
my eloquence faded many moons ago...

the legendary beatitude, the shadow of it,
is only still evident in the hieroglyphs—
if even that

with every day
it fades and fades

the anxiety-roach crept inside my cranium
to dwell and to dream nightmares,
sowing pathological diffidence !

to me, the world is not a farce,
nor a sarcastic, cynic circle of hell,
but a Hero's playground !

but Hero i am not...

my existence,
a gravest breach of life
as grave as the passion of Brunhilda !

on terraces of love and light
we overlook a reality

far down below
which is dark and monstrous

and i feel fright and weakness

and what is for man, what water is for fish?

the art and spiritual warfare
by which man seeks God !

and the stubborn retention of the faith,
the Holiest faith !
fame, affluence, notoriety
slowly loses its purpose

faith, bravery and humility
slowly outgrows, replaces it ...

EMPTYING THE GREAT MYSTERY, PARTS I-VI

I

you can not just believe in yourself
and in the matter by which you are surrounded

you have to believe in something other as well,
otherwise the human in you
can not continue being human

and to doubt is to foster health !

blind faith is blind seduction
and is to be dealt with at one's peril

blind faith is spiritual possession and it is bad

it is a demon of blindness
which possesses your faculties then !

II

never mistake mysticism with this blindness !
not everything you cannot see, is the result of this blindness

some things you cannot see
are indeed nevertheless true –
mystically true !

i know this much :

it is not evolutionarily intuitive
to seek the otherworld – man does it nevertheless !

and we do it by way of mysteries ...

mysticism ! the compass by which
the human finds her way out of this
inherent lostness and disorientation !

mysticism ! the keeper of sanity
in man as well as in woman,
and, most blatantly, in the children
they so beautifully beget :
how they play and laugh and tackle and cackle
with their faeries and their kittens in their sagas !

the great mysteries – and an imagination spiritual –
make healthy provisions for us
as well as for our children

III

the destroyers of mysticism
are inasmuch the destroyers of human potential,
because the common human being
has always been, in her heart and for all
practical and psychological purposes, a mystic !
to hell with these apologists and their vision :
a Hetoimasia unthroned forever and ever !

to hell with these apologists for the secularization
of not only the polity and our institutions
and our cultures and councils and communities,
but also of the human soul,
and our minds, and our hearts, our innermost hearts !

IV

i stand firmly on the top of the hill, on the cliff,
outlooking a roaring coast in red,
the vermilion skies and storms in black
and every deathly omen, tide and tempest it weathers

and just ... sigh !

the destroyers of mysticism
shall fail in their grand work

because indifference is no formidable foe
to the realities of life and our conditions within it !

an existential philosophy
on lithium and diazepam it is

fed on this philosophy,
man will turn his path toward darkness,
and he shall render himself an ending

no one, no thing nor a God would really care about :
when the big day finally comes,
i think he will not even care for himself !

surely this endling shall not even care about himself
and the prospect his own existential demise !

... he outsourced that responsibility
to machines already decades ago !

Orwell, Huxley, Boye
i salute !

i stand in zealous, repudiatory militancy
against the future and whatever more filth
it shall bring upon us, with its waves crashing
on the dams of our ever tomorrows !

V

the heart of the human angel fell
through the grass and the earth and the lava
and through all the layers of dirt,
like a great iron anchor, an old, rusty anchor,
or like some Olympian titanium rod
sinking deep and fast towards the ocean-chasm floor,
to the watery crown-realms of the Scylla Queen

who really knows what happens when it hits abyssic bottom,
reaches our planet's geothermal center ?

VI

but i shall (try to) leave it on a somewhat positive note !

i shall extend a (somewhat perverse) olive branch,
just for the sake of my humanity :

at the end of days, after all,
i think he will beg for suffering and punishment
because the alternative – indifference in eternity –
will ultimately outweigh with terror
whatever hideous torture the Living God
could verily scourge upon him !

THE THUNDERING HOOVES OF PAZYRYK

wind, wind, Holy, Holiest wind !

blades of the storm-God cleaving
the steppe in dire stagnation

the rolling hills are in the shape of breasts

milk splashes over mountainous precipice

the steppe is raw and unforgiving

the steppe is sacred, the steppe is Holy

the harsh steppes of Stri-Rajya !

where a triad of queens rule over no man—
because there is no man left !

any man staying over thirty days gets killed !
they eat them like animals, in banquets !

below the ever-great sun-disc
they tremble
like hearts in lover's chests

eternal is the ride
endless, the expanse !

forever is the arrow,
and the still air it slices
has no end to it either

across open wastes everlasting
echoing Aryan ancestry
forever
never to yield
never to falter

the memory never dies !

primordial Indo-European martial ethic

half human, half stallion !
hoof and hand, neigh and bow !

the rivers run from vulvas
and the geography itself is molded into
an archetype-statue of the Scythian heroine

into ever-hinterlands
where slint-eyeds
and blue-eyeds
and brown-eyeds live
the steppe-nation spreads
like how the eagles soar
or how wolves migrate !

THE SCARLET WOMAN

how is it to seize the queen's sucklings ! —
and to dash them hardly against the rocks ? and then
to let whatever accursed woman inclined to care
mourn the fleshly death thereof !

but ponder this advice :

put the scarlet woman on a pedestal of lava !
burn her with the Love of God !

smear her feet with aloe vera, the love's balsam scent—
is she not deserving of it ?

placate the idiot crowd then
with the vices and flesh of archetypal whoredom
until the concubine empress smiles in her joy
drunk with the crescent moon,
lunar vaginal sap in cascades...

for as it happens, she has won ...

the scarlet woman is strong
for we weigh her cumbrance in tonnes !

titanic her bravery, she puts a blade to her navel
and smites it with a curse... of rot !

the scarlet woman says :
“what is sex if not the poison of the love-aspid—
the trepidation which persists in definitive
and unrelenting mockery?”
“and what is your sexual pleasure anyway,
if not but a glitch in an eternal, unrelenting tedium,
a speck of sawdust in a great and ever-seeing eye?”

and i must think :

what is it, that, as if a pack of rats burroughing through
the skin and muscle of Him, makes the Lord twitch the hardest ?
what is it — if not the depraved sins, the carnal debaucheries,
the thievery and the general spiritual corruption
of His most beloved human effigy !

WING-CLIPPED GRIFFINS FALL FROM THE FIRE IN THE SKY

a pregnant sun, oedemic rainbow, the sky has dropsy...

the constipated ouroboros died –
a star got stuck in its belly !

obscured by storms of crickets
is the carcass suspended in the sky

the confusing aesthetic of cadaveric rot
sinks into the human psyche
like a rock into the sea

wing-clipped griffins fall from the fire in the sky

mustard gas molests the warm wind of love

the stench of foreboding and insomnia
envelopes the rotting monolith

charlatans and opportunists
make haste to explore and exploit
but are struck instead
with its fatal radiant properties

CROWN LANDS OF THE ARGENTINE ANT KING

the Lord looks down on humanity
like the human looks down on the ant-hill.

what sees the Lord ?

and what sees the human ?

i think they can both see
a defaced and confusing creation,
nevertheless, bearing resemblance
to their own eternal and divine effigies

the ants are the only other creatures of human caliber
with regards to civilizatory development

we reflect each other in our co-operative social abilities
and in the societies those qualities spawn forth.

* * *

the Argentine ant is notorious for organizing themselves in “super-colonies” that stretch over large swathes of land, involving sometimes so many worker-ants as to number them in the billions.

In 2000, an enormous super-colony of Argentine ants was found in Southern Europe covering a 6,004-kilometrestretch along the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts. Two other such super-colonies have been discovered; alongside the coast of California (stretching 900 km, suggested to involve upwards of 1 trillion ants) and alongside the west coast of Japan (of unknown length but estimated to contain at the very least some 300 million workers).

In 2009, it was demonstrated that these three large Japanese, Californian and European Argentine ant super-colonies were in fact part of a single global “mega-colony”; when mixing individual ants from the Japanese colony and, for example, the south-west European one, the ants, individually as well as collectively, exhibit non-aggressive and even grooming behaviors toward one-another, suggesting they experience and carry out no territorial or otherwise evolutionary rivalry, making researchers conclude that the three colonies studied actually might represent a single global mega-colony.

the researchers stated that the

“enormous extent
of this population
is paralleled only
by human society”.

THE FALL OF BYZANTIUM

lines in the sand traversed, veils torn off

outposts burned ! stones of ancient graves overturned...

ancient Holy homelands trampled !

ancient Holy homeland
by vicious foe appropriated...

Oghuz fire and steel

Armageddon from the east

vespers, matins, all little hours,
and the glory of the Byzantine rite
buried with myrrh, gold, gem and sword
in stone tombs and Constantinopolitan graves...

fallen martyrs of the Cross lose their minds
on flowery fields, honey-scented,
of war and privation and stridence

flesh becomes destroyed !

and it is left to rot and stink in some peaty humus—
trampled by the Turk invader !

an age gone by ! an era collapsed !

Holy shrines and relics adored,
abandoned to the advancing foe :
all our sacred riches prey became
to the great and mad Seljuk dragon—
noble, magnificent kingdom of the steppe !

(there was never any true hope left after Manzikert)

land of mystique,
solemn kingdom !

the Akathist hymn spreads out
like a thick mist before its words retreat
and it all negates into this very great silence
which swallows wholly Anatolia !

but i lack the power to be silent in eternity
and i shall acquire my solemnities
from the true God and from none other !

i shall worship no god of Islam

and the question ever thunders
in the valves of the heart and the spirit !

the Turk should have been stopped
where he was ought to be stopped

Constantinople is a Christian city
and it shall be re-conquered

our *artos* is our *artos* !

and i shall worship no god of Islam !

is there not enough grain and soil for you
back there in your land of Seven Rivers,
along the fertile coasts of the Balkhash ?

the magnificent oeuvre of great Byzantion !
her gold-mosaic beauty and the ocean azure !

the forests of Cappadocia and the great Thracian coasts...
the silent monasteries of the Lycian Taurus,
the shrines and sanctities in the Queen of Cities...

ravaged by the bloodhounds of Allah –
the wickedest disgrace everlasting !

* * *

we must understand that the Seljuk dragon was unconquerable and, at that, magnificent. Surely Constantinople fell, and surely the Turk was a ferocious and barbaric breed, but by the same token, when we talk about the most impressive, ambitious and successful peoples from a historical and historiographic perspective, the Turk must belong in that conversation !

*...an age gone by, an era collapsed,
Holy shrines and relics abandoned
to an enemy in advance, and hunted
their gold and gem became
by the great and mad Seljuk dragon,
noble, magnificent enemy...*

APPENDIX TO “BYZANTIUM FALLING” :

where are my Christians of sword and shield ? where are all great armies of the Cross ? nothing but dust they are, and immured they are, in somber dreams of my own mediaeval nostalgia...

is it not curious that we have to evoke the Devil in this day and age to get anything of worth ultimately done ? is it not strange and captivating that God must, by example, call upon the Devil to recapture Byzans from the steppe invaders, having seemingly exsanguined all the blood and zeal of its own ?

FLIGHT OF THE HUMA BIRD

the looming sky above...

surely – the modern world
tampered with the patience of wrong gods,
and by so doing, the looming sky made itself pregnant
with the primordial !

nowadays, the sky has fallen into itself
and from the voided hole emerged
the hawk and the eagle triumphantly,
soaring kinglike from between the two silver mountains,
glowing with the crystal plumage of immortality

look up ! —

behold the Golem of the empyrean
destroying the horizon
with its stone sword of aether !

soar over these pinkish red clouds !
thunderbirds and the black kings of vultures !
carve the air with your wings into an ephemeral idol,
the idol of the warrior of love and air
which thrusts its javelin sharply
and throws the spears of violent
and rebellious existence into the ocean above, of stars !

archetypal sky-bird of the histories...
winged usurper of the throne of the earth !
your talons will shine with the European amber,
and with the pride of blood-and-soil
shall your beaks squawk as an echo
at the very end of days !

praise be to you, Huma !

cast your gaze on the dark of the world
so that we may understand it,
and praise be to you,
eagle atop the oak of worlds—
flap your wings mightily
so that we may steer our ships to discoveries

(*we are lost out here ! ! !*)

our auspices fall to the ground with laughter
in joy and in lucksome foreboding,
illuminated by the glorious apparition
revealed like a flash on the horizon,
like a revelation on the road to Damascus,
like a blaze of ever-poignant hope
in the prophetics of a future long foredoomed

yes, surely the dearth and the calamity will come,
and surely the hails and ground-fires will again scourge our lands

but the chief haruspex
will slit the sheep of sacrifice
with the ritual dagger
and he will point not to the end-days—
but elseward entirely !

buzzard and falcon !
with your feathers
and your exquisite vision,
soar above the mountains...

hiss like the boreal wind—
for between every flap of your Elysian wings
occurs an eternity but in a second,
and in between every stimulus

and every reaction to that stimulus,
there is an endless ocean of choice
which dwells beyond the space-time

i speak my words but between them there is a steppe-waste
which is traversed by the mounted archers of thought

their hooves float above the ground
and their arrows burrow the flesh of phenomena

above me
the birds mightily soar !

these mounted archers gallop
from corner to farthest corner again
with their sacred epistles and correspondences,
noising their evangels of freedom
to all the ones in shipwreck,
to all the cringing refugees
and to all the displaced slaves of lifelong exile
they ride with their bows,
like Sarmatians did,
and gold-embellished war-swords
are raised above their heads
in warring *ekstasis*

their triumphs and festivities
but a homage and a lamb of sacrifice
to the great Eagle atop the tree !

THE LEGACY OF NARAM-SIN

the masculine archetypal principle
is associated with culture

the feminine archetypal principle

is associated with nature

men were stressed by nature;
women became stressed by culture

during the fourth millennium before Christ,
Inanna was the most powerful deity of the Sumerians !

reckless, self-centered, egoistic,
unadulterated and vicious feminine power

Goddess of warfare and sexuality,
patroness of ambiguity and paradox

Goddess of the state and the Crown,
Queen of the heavens ;
seductress of the world and the flesh,
merger of matter and spirit,
the adorer and the adored as one :
Divine hypostatic enabler !

her cult was great and i am in love with En'heduanna,
her most frantic devotee !

* * *

by the third millennium Inanna's influence and status had diminished, and by the time the king Naram-Sin of Akkad ascended the throne, he made kingship anonymous to divinity... and on matters of the feminine religious, it just got worse and worse from thereon.

THE STENCH OF ROTTEN ZEBRAS

i smell the rot of dead zebras

i wonder why—until i see them !
disemboweled in ditches—
cadavers hexed with darkness !

hidden beneath columnar *baobab* trees
upon barren anti-tundra at war with rain

the prairie died a long time ago,
and this canopy is dead soon too

savanna dry and old...

ruby crowns relinquished...

cobras of despair slither in high grass

i see felines cowered in fatigue,
outrun by even buffalos,
and dying elephants maneuver clumsily
in the barren grassland midst

emaciated lioness...
queen of the vast bushlands...
i can hear her lament nature's end !

i see riverbanks, holocaust-piles, dead antelopes—
they would have been beautiful
had they not been severely decomposed !

the opulence and the warmth of the savanna sun
would be so beautiful as well
had its shine not turned to mordant tar
many, many moons ago

and ravenous hyenas sneak by dawn
with the smiles of thieves and rapists
and giggle their melodies
of deceit and cunningness :

la la la ...

A RHYMING EXERCISE

the rhyming exercises are mostly for fun.
i do not consider them good in any serious capacity.
i suck at it, but it can be entertaining sometimes
to try to do a “traditional” poem. of course,
when i do it, it gets bleak pretty fast.

* * *

*a lampless maze, its roof is soil,
a moss so green, 'round gaping maw,
its gates are marked where serpents coil
yes : seldom seen, its might and awe !*

*a lampless maze, its door is stone,
hallways run like veins of a finger ;
a darkness stinks and sets the tone,
in here we neither stay or linger !*

*a lampless maze, its floors are coal,
down here we run, or stuck we melt...
lost like a fish in one great shoal,
the greatest darkness ever felt !*

*a lampless maze, its walls, they scream
as truths collapse and logic dies,
here is barren, it might seem :
a phosphene in our untrained eyes !*

*but hearken, open, become aware—
you who sleep with one eye closed,
you who drown and gasp for air,
in oceans without floors nor coast !*

*here, all that is, is naught, and is,
safe and sound behind curdled locks :*

*here, reptiles crawl and children hiss
around the great old paradox*

*unravel the riddle, teach me how !
i drown in quicksands; sludgy deep :
the lampless maze seems endless now,
"there are no exits", the children weep !*

*i realize there is no way out !
my fate now seals, in situ carved,
entombing densely the flame of doubt
now flickering, weak and starved !*

*convolved in endless, rhymeless prose,
backwards written, carved in clay,
a secret dwelling, comatose,
waiting for the light of day...*

TRIALS OF THE SOLIFUGE

the hermit solifuge is caught
in a stalemate with the desert
and the loss of momentum batters hard
nature's own pessimist gladiator

eight-legged abomination ! the solifuge is stranded
in the outskirts of all biomes, and having been
compromised by natural hostilities,
it is weakened, fatigued...

the broken solifuge stern and ominous...
unhealthy, unwealthy, unloved :

it crawls atop the hillocks to gaze the might of dunes,
and it seeks the cooling refuge, the shadowed path of rock,
the repose in the damp and the cold—a dwelling-place
for the scared and the hunted !

it nests there so that it can tend—
tend to its offspring, its thousand eggs
in order to at least assure its genetic and memorial
continuation into the future of things
before it abdicates from life as a failure spirited
with the desperation and discouragement
that broke even En'heduanna to bits and pieces
at the sight of her great temple at Ur
falling to dust and shards of clay !

though the solifuge dutifully reproduced,
it did so in meaninglessness—
an anxiety to end all anxieties !

this solifuge can claim only pyrrhic victories
in its hopeless belligerency against the universe

it is caught in a battle no-one wins
against the burning orb of light itself—
death-sun of Šamaš, glorious disc of firmament's fire
which never discriminates or privileges or excludes
anyone nor anything of this earth
from its merciless and punishing scheme :

Šamaš mighty Šamaš ! Yellow King !

burn evermore with indiscrimination !

whole worlds change
with the fluctuations
of your solar surface !

all species die off
no matter how kingly,
no matter how servile

as with the elephant also with the hyena,
as with the dung-beetle also with the lion-majesty !

death is inevitable, its wings all-pervading, ever-
shadowing, like the wings of the albatross sent by
Marduk to gather intelligence on the oceans

a scourer of the vastness—vigil-eye of the heavens—
above the pylons, along the parapets and gargoyle
crenellations ! soaring over burning fields, our world :
all lands are cleansed on the command of Šamaš !

foul extermination-campaigner against mankind

cosmic *Schutzstaffel* purge door to door
all the galaxies from every living cell
and every trace of oxygen !

the engineers of the universe die off with the last
memory of the last collapsed star-system

the waters swallow all the coasts
and the coasts respond with submission

the emperor scorpion, the opiliones, the ticks and
the mites—all hideous crawlies of the ground hold
hands in a final moment of brotherliness

but the solifuge wanders about sad and lonely,
staring upward into infinity
while lost and cold and afraid
hopeless crawling dim-lit tunnels
of existential desperations

...but the world lives on and on and on :
surely the simple arachnid is pathetic in the grander

scheme, but even such a shitty creature must feel the
weight of existence !

uncared for by the universe,
reviled by the human—exterminated on sight !

the search for the oasis continues until it dies—
it cannot do anything else

cataclysmic astro-quakes change the course of whole worlds !
upsurges of dark energy clip the strings of all theories
and the hand of God redraw the aesthetics of our beloved constellations !
planets die off with the snapping of fingers
and the space around us expands—indifferently ! ! !
all the while, galaxies wither like old vase flowers, and
stars collapse into a swallet where even light disappears !

majestically incomprehensible in grandeur all this is !

as the puniest of mites cannot fathom the earth,
so can i, the strongest of solifuges, not fathom space :
the happenings of the farthest cosmos
and the mysteries of the outside
breaks the philosopher in half
and leaves the astrophysicist
in a circle of ineffable energies,
the religious crisis !

as your throat runs parched,
water becomes everything

this solifuge is in desperate search
for water

it endures day by day its trepidating perils
as the great clock of ages tick on
with the patience of a manic-depressive stoic

the deserts expand with force
and out here there are no sign-posts

the shadowless sun belches aforth the warmth
and the oases become rarer by the day

the earth lies dry and barren
from massive geological menopause
and the qanats and the aquifers
no longer accommodate the needs of the people

the water has become old enough
to even threaten the roaches with disease

the cadavers of the dromedaries
wither like true love in marriage
and hungered cobras are pinched tight
in the beaks of starving vultures

but the questions none can reject
lives on in the heart of the solifuge—
the questions whose answers would swipe
even the most hardline antitheist off his feet
in the swiftest blink of a moment
with the *mysterium tremendum et fascinans*
that no living being can easily brush off,
even at all !

THE UNSUNG KING OF ZOPICLONE

my fangs are Imovane fangs
my claws, made from Zolpidem

my finger-nails are dead material,
yet they grow more than i do !

my heart beats a threnody
to the victims of Naliboki forest
even though i have never ever been close to it
and even though i have no other connection to it

except for passion !

and that is where the Z-analogues
comes into the picture of it all !

Bielski was a martyr of God

good night people !!!

AGARES RIDES ON A BLACK BULL THROUGH THE GATE OF TANACU

under the Moldovan full moon sky
a sudden powder keg explodes ! it breaches the gate,
it throws light into the court,
it is invaded the impious entourage of Agares !

through the city gate spills the lunar lambent beams
onto a blank pool of water partially shadowed
by the bosky beech foliage

in umbrous shelter, a man sits on a basket
under his makeshift roofing petting a rotten kitten

he says:

*"in Tanacu but a fortnight ago,
the flesh of a large-breasted woman
had been torn apart by the teeth of a demon
suspended up-side-down, seemingly in loose air"*

"and the pigs are dying torturous deaths from the omen"

a starving dog had nibbled at the face of a dead child
lying still within its dead mother's embrace
hound-shaped devils had been spotted postured in heat
feeding on men whom they forced into their mouths
head first

the imps are dancing, playing their harps
and riding the livestock of the local peasantry

Sfânta Teodora can not help you now

the black goat grunts at the sight of our human girls

dissonant hurdy-gurdy mumbo-jumbo
and the wicked lutes of hell :
infernally celebrations commence,
blasphemies are hurled, Agares shouts from the pulpit :

*"Melchior !
your asshole will blare like an untuned trumpet
at the end of days !"*

*"Caspar !
a mandrake apple will stick in your throat
and clog the ways of air !"*

*"Balthazar !
only the whirligigs of despondency
shall herald your disgraced demise ! "*

and every good soul in the whole of Vaslui
wandered aloof and afire
into the wondrous imagery of hell
as Agares rode backwards
on a black endowed bull
through the old brick gate
of Tanacu

MATHEOLUS WAS A LOSER – ALL POWER & GLORY TO CHRISTINE

great Matheolus—
shit-bard, soft mud poet !

your words are futile...
your prose is ugly....

your face—a combustion

you hold a great strangle-noose
which captured the woman...
but this woman is a jaguar !

for none can withstand
the piercing gaze of Christine :

her judgment much scathing,
her opinion one of fire !

* * *

Matheolus was a French 13th century author known for authoring the *Liber lamentationum Matheoluli* (The Lamentations of Matheolus) (ca. 1295), a misogynist work seeking to argue that marriage only makes men unhappy and destitute. the first “incel” and “beta” cultural figure? *The Book of the City of Ladies*, the seminal work from Christine de Pizan, is considered a response and rebuttal of Matheolus’ book.

it is an incredibly interesting book. highly impressive medieval feminism from a time when working for the elevation of the role of women in society was a legitimate act of iron courage, admirable rebellion and principled, unyielding passion. she is surely one of my role models in many ways. Goes perfectly with Hildegard of Bingen... what a power-duo lol

A SONG OF DISCONTENT

the twittering of spring birds
drown in sonic fatigue,
their wings tattered
by black graupel carried by gusts

their warbling songs of discontent
float over reefs of aether

then they stop for no reason

the rolling morning thunder rolls no more either,
and for some reason no human science can explain

the sun peeking through the rain-clouds
seem weak and paltry now

on darker days i think of the world
as a horrendous abyss, light-swallowing :
fatalistic ever-swirling ever-chasm of no return !

the predeterminisms and immutable processes of fate
with whose basic clutches we are synchronized and automated,
overcome us with literally incomprehensible complexity !

SULLEN SPIRAL OF NIHILISM – THE MEANINGLESS FLOW OF THINGS

with uproar screams the vortex
outside of any and every given continuum,
banished from all cycles of dimension and time

we see the lemmel train now—
a tide of people Acheronic
expending tremendous energy of heart

and gruelling trepidation
just in order to become normal
in appearance and in morality :

the human life experience is convoluted in hidden forces—
existential esoterica—which you can only confront and discover
by actually living them and by embracing them as unconquerable
and as immutable as death itself

and it is this meaningless flow of things
from which we break our ore

the meaningless flow of things,
how it stretches like a drum-skin
over all of its protean ubiquities

possibility breeds anxiety and the chattering of nervous teeth—
i did not ask for any of this !

i am the wound from which i myself will never recover
and my soul is stretched between polar opposites

i have been ejected into a losing struggle
which i still dare not surrender—

i wade on, weary
in the meaningless flow of things

a mongoose has fallen into a pit of snakes

i am a circle of existential nihilists

a book-club for blind, deaf, lame, retarded children

i yet refuse the admittance
of any universal value and meaning

...but still i beg for it in the shadows !

all my actions, freedoms,
choices and decisions are products
of mere existential somnambulism
it feels like...

GOD IS SURELY MERCIFUL

(dedicated to Anna Świrszczyńska)

as a newborn baby i cheered and laughed and hurt and rejoiced and i cried and cringed and lashed out in fiery rage as to become a human being! now, however, i reckon that i had no choice in this becoming, and life was forced as if a burden; yes, God is surely terrible.

as a naïve child i put my finger on the fire as to become a saint—but my finger burnt to nothing but a black crisp, and from that day on, everything i have pointed towards has turned to black rot and muck—and for this reason, God is surely terrible.

as a teenage child i put my knife to the flesh of my body as to become an ascetic—but my wounds only leered mockingly... not with grace nor repentance, no, but with apathy and with confusion; and now i have to confess: God is surely terrible.

as a young man i steered my ship into a mist and i became lost in a haze of drug and dream as to become an explorer—but my sails caught the gale of longing, yes, now i haunt the wide ocean with loneliness, with anxiety, and with alienation... and indeed, God must surely be terrible!

but as a grown man i considered suicide, and i made myself aware through ardent and passionate introspection of this limitless and self-deifying possibility. and indeed, i could for the first time understand, as if inspired by Gnostic revelations, that, allowing such a thing, God is surely merciful.

THE ANGELS OF RESENTMENT

a caveat and an introductory note :

this piece is inspired by first-hand stories and accounts about the *Gestapo*, the *Ordnungspolizei*, different so-called “Hiwi” formations (such as the *Ukrainische Hilfspolizei*) the SS-Totenkopfverbände, the SS-Einsatzgruppen (and of course, the SS in general) and other demons released by the hell of total war on the eastern front between 1941 and 1945. it is specifically inspired and dedicated in absolute hatred of the most feared *SS-Sturmbrigade Dirlewanger* and its abominable piece-of-human-garbage commander. i would pay great prices to direct a warm jet of piss in his face and i would partake with pleasure in the testament of his eternal, humiliating and torturous rape by all kinds of malignant wraiths, imps and vengeful ghosts in hell. an eye for an eye, Dirlewanger, you disgusting pig. i hope you suffer greatly in immortality. and sincerely I must say that I hope immortality exists—just because YOU deserve it !

* * *

not every day
one is scoffed in the face
by the arch-angel of nostalgia

and not every day
one is stung with corruption
and subjected to maltreatment
by mythological scorpions—
their stingers of modesty
and pinching palps of grace !

phalanxes of majestic seraphim
trained in psychological warfare

special operations, smear campaigns, dirty tactics—

these corrupt and alcoholic *****
with toilet seat glorias over their heads
are addicted to the mercury in the Devil's urine
and to the chlorine gas in the vapor of his mouth !

angels are seen shooting up
human misery with a syringe

vitiating failures of being
expending transcendental
and existential potential
toiling eternally towards
its very negation and ultimate corruption

used condoms of human garbage
canonized in disgrace

in secrecy taking orders
from some distant and malignant devil

militia immaculatae

the angels descend
and the hairs stand
on all our children's necks
husbands betray their wives with passion
and siblings lay with each other

the tower falls and the rivers
of stalwartness and trust dry out

the confused sounds and susurrations
from cringing victims of nameless evils
clamor chorally, echoing
and reproduces through halls of malevolence
as they try to navigate successfully
the labyrinth of a death sardonic, unforgiving,
a darkness unrelenting !

panzer IV tiger tanks
adorned with the insignia of the Devil
thunder across the battle ruins, moral blitzkrieg

spectral e i n s a t z g r u p p e n
purge the lands with flamethrowers
from human elements inappropriate

the screams of the victims and the darkness
of the crimes s t i l l e c h o

the melodies and harmonies—
a death-camp earth t h r e n o d y—
immerse the world as if in a fog
and the *e s c h a t o r c h e s t r a*
performs its final piece to the disgusting debacle
of drunken angels molesting our women
downloading the .exe of rape

these are no serene flag-bearers of grace...
these angels come with bullet-belts
and pollaxes and chloroform !
these angels come with StG-44 rifles

these are the angels whose mouths breathe deserts
and whose pristine diamond hands swing
the rotten staff of drought and pestilence

but they are cowards ! because if you near them,
they scatter like sheep

fewer still, can claim actual conversance with them...
for they are lousy, worthless coward pigs !
yes... these are the angels who "blesses", and "reprieves",
and hands out in pastoral "love" and "care"
curses, sorrows, heartbreaks, misfortunes
and all other impious devilries—not as carefully judged
punishments, good-willed acts of tough love,
of spiritual parenting, or as a calculated implementation
of judicial principle... no, but as small,
seemingly random explosions of aggression and domination !

unhinged blows of winds that are full of razors
cutting like the sins of Judas himself !

as a pathetic measure of jealousy and resentment, they abuse their
heavenly powers and bend and twist them to make them fit the cages of
morality they have built for themselves

they erect their temples on broken bones, on the spines of all the needless
human beings now executed, that have had, through the years, some
reason to disappoint or otherwise fail them

imps and trolls bring the bodies in
with their apple carts all the way from the
hills of crucifixion and from the chambers of
torment in the north and from the gallows
on the hillocks to the south,

where suffering people die
a useless and wasted death
of no worth and of no moral justice...

arch - angels desire
no competition

as they murder and rape their ways
through all of the earthly brothels !

through all of the monasteries in the hinterland
and all the nurseries and maternity houses

the angels punish ordinary men
with torment and gratuitous death
for having slept with their own women in love

the angels punish boys
for having been entranced by beauty

the world has turned into an amphitheater
of crown hypocrisy

for the crime of human lust—for this digression of
alone—one must pay the price of pain and blood

the tribunal of canonized psychopathology
has spoken—and woe to whomever will not listen !

under thousands of sacred guillotines
heads continue to fall and heads continue to roll

punished with abusive and deadly violence
for the crime of having loved, and for having
been ecstatic with the amorous passion,
the men are executed point blank

a n d l i k e t r a s h
a n o t h e r h u m a n l i f e
h a s b e e n d i c a r d e d !

the angels lost faith in life
and became resentful and sadistic

they treat people like ****
because they enjoy it, and
there is no redemption
to be found here : salvation denied forevermore !

they will not care
and neither will you
when they are done

death squad dogs with leering eyes
and the muzzled mouths of their *sturmgewehrs*
guard the iron gate

to the fortress of the unconquerable
and around the fortress flows a moat of oil and blood,
outside which the people gather
with their futile applications and complaints,
and desperate appeals for help

people still hope ! and smile !
the hope never dies !

all the while, the angels laugh and spit and scoff
as they pillage their way through their dwellings...

they stomp their pets to death
as a final gesture of enmity
and evil-spirited sarcasm
before they leave for beloved paradise,
like so many times before, once again...

the angels shall surely, in due time, be ordered decapitation
by a single stroke from their craftiest headsman, right there
on the very ravenstones of their own heresiological tribunals !

JEREMIAD TO A FLOCK OF EROTES

Ourania Aphrodite Pandemos !

i give you things i am not sure i even own,
and there is dysfunction in that

tell me :

how can a person function without hate ? how can you maintain spiritual,
personal integrity in this sludgy morass of a world without hatred as a
continuous parameter to relate to ? and with outrage as a base weight
with which to calibrate your scales? and with the strongest passions as a
sky which to set one's compass ?

i don't understand it at all

how can you be or become whole without hatred and love
as two equally bearing baulks ?
really, how can one remain whole without hate ?

people moan and complain about
how hate is eroding and destructive
to oneself and to others :

that it brings along nothing but negativity and
anxiety and anger and pain, and that it demands so
much energy and *bla bla bla*

—but i ask them—

have you ever been in love ? have you ever loved ?
have you been torn from the inside out, possessed
by devils, lost in mists and in the woods of the night ?

did you ever run the gauntlet with your passions—
mocked by bystanders, ridiculed, scoffed by those within yourself
you have never been able to strike a peace deal with ?

one must be an ocean, an unexplored wilderness;
a great, vast unknown,
in order to receive the polluted stream –
the oil spill of love – without becoming corrupt,
poisoned, impure, tainted !

i cannot swallow the oil leak ! i am not ocean enough

i have fought to handle it
but recurringly i have lost the struggle

yet i love ! i am a loveful being—

Ourania Aphrodite Pandemos !

she is the archer of compassion,
her arrows benight the sky

and her love kills
both when you have it and when you don't

*(the destructive capabilities of love
are systemically understated and overlooked)*

what is love if not the aorta of human destructivity ! i ask you !

yes ! here we have it ! but i don't really care—go on and live your lie that
unconditional love and nothing but unconditional love—and
tolerance—will save everything good from everything bad !

love will surely set you free, this is true!
but if you do not hate, you will never have the
slightest idea of what you have been freed from !

(The Erotes had not much to say...)

THE ABSURD STORMS WITH HOLOCAUST

(there is a bad mood here tonight)

we cannot understand the implications of the existential fact of the absurd,
because if we could do so, it would lead to an intellectual and spiritual
apprehension to the absurd, and by definition, the absurd would then
cease to be absurd—because it would then have become understood

the concept of absurdity is reliant on the fact
that it is beyond our comprehension

the absurd is the inexplicable reality

transcendent to us, nevertheless real

everything is dead, cold and vast,
like a crescent of stars vibrating
with the reverberance of a void
that swallowed intrinsical meaning in one single bite,
with a famished mouth, the
k i e r k e g a a r d i a n a p o l o g e t i c s
and burped the holocaust out therefrom –
without care nor shame –
to freeze upon man and earth
and to blitz across the bounds
and borders of humanity !

the universe became robbed of what
constituted its definition, and it became drained
of what made up its absolute essence

it has been inverted and desecrated
as to make an ultimate mockery
of the very puny vision all the naturalists,
all the materialists, all the first world idealists
and all the high-horse moralists had of it !

THE YORUBA FETISHISM

incantation of the summoning—
ancient Yoruba tongue !

Akodessewa at dawn...

Death's grotesque beauty !

mummified heads of rodents sacred

esoteric alchemies
of different powders and spices

the skin of a black snake killed by a white snake

the bone-dust of crania of tortured apes

the True Vodoun is here ! *Loa* spirit !

impish spell-craft of the dark bush

animal dung totem fetishism obscure

vibrance of souls on weirdest plane—
religious pyrexia in the jungle's heart

monkey's head impaled, paw and foot ground to dust

Legba, take our hands—
the darkness is dark without you ! ! !

i live and die in Mawu !

i snort the feline bone-powder
and get intoxicated
with the fury of a mighty cat !

* * *

Akodessewa fetish market is a market in Lomé, Togo, western Africa. it supplies Vodun (“voodoo”) paraphernalia, items of traditional medicine, and amulets, symbols, artefacts, etc., of west-African religious fetishism.

here you can find, among a multitude of other interesting objects, shrunken animal heads, paws and other body parts.

a medicinal compound up for sale could, for example, be pulverized bones of some specific animal made into a powder mixed with natural herbs and such. such religious/folkloristic Vodun-herbalism could act as remedies to a wide range of things, from banal ailments to severe, life-threatening conditions, or for general luck and prosperity in life. i really want to go there.

THE ANGEL OF LENINGRAD

i saw a young boy with eyes aloof
locked on a horizon which did not exist

what existed there instead
was the Wehrmacht artillery smoke
which covered and veiled
the merest remnant fragment thought of hope

and he was cannibalizing himself !

he ate his own body parts

in order to survive he gnawed on himself...

* * *

this is, in fact, an actual anecdote from history

abominable occurrences like this were reality
in the absolutely diabolical cesspool of depravity,
angst, suffering, irreparable trauma and despair
which constituted the heinous hell
we historiographically call the Siege of Leningrad

ON DARK DAYS

humans can not properly acquire meaning
in their existential experience
with the psychological anticipation
that it will be something obviously objective
or even obviously rational

even objectivity and these weird scientific truths
may turn to dragons under the steel heels of knights !

and these truths live their lives beneath the tip
of the flaming crystal swords of those
who ventured far... and returned blazing kinglike !

only frail circumstantial evidence we can present
to account for the theory
of intrinsic ecumenical morality :

individuals claiming a life of material-biological essentialism –
existing in some vague, rationally obscure coherence
with moral determinism – are silly,
and did not really think it through, probably

others are disturbed and self-deceptive outright liars,
philosophically retarded, some combination, or worse

CIORANIC FUNDAMENTALISM **(A POEM OF PURE PHILOSOPHICAL PESSIMISM)**

the pursuit of pleasure disappoints sempiternally
as it matures, complicates, reaches zenith

the pursuit of satisfaction gets caught
in the web of the bitter spider,
it gets stuck and it fades off and it dies
like most of those dreams and aspirations
one can sense on all the faces
of anonymous hordes of humans
pumping through the aqueducts of existence
like water or sewage mud

the bitter spider leers in its web !

the pursuit of pleasure disappoints sempiternally
as it does always end in dejection and confusion
and never with the paradise you were promised :
failing architect of existential utopia, you are...

the pursuit continues with no light
but only some thick, amorphous greyness
at the end of this diabolically weird tunnel

the applause echoes the corridors
and the ovations rain heavily down
from those who believe it's all a facade !
a sham, a performance, a mere joke...

yet in the midst of their own Bermuda-triangles below
lies something dormant slumbering in a deep otherness

the most devastating human condition there is,
is having clear sight into the fact of the future,
with its abundance of eternal proliferations
of possibility-melanoma,
but at the same time remembering
that you will never even begin to amount to
what you really could become !

the chains burn ! keeping you in place
in the hell of spiritual becoming

the pursuit of pleasure disappoints sempiternally
although the possibilities of the pursuit do not :

i distill life to a fine, old wine
bitter with the umami of awareness

THE ABANDONED DOG

i am a lost, abandoned, lonely dog
emaciated on the bridge of Overtoun,
traumatized in vacillating void...
this bringer of silence, my sobriquet!

i feel aloof like the ghosts of traumatized children
floating in the rectories of pederast vicars,
mutilated post-mortally as to not rise again to haunt...

* * *

the Overtoun Bridge is located in west Dunbartonshire, Scotland. the bridge has become infamous because quite a large number of dogs have leaped to their deaths from it. first reported in the mid-1900's, about one dog per year have jumped to its own death, leading to widespread fascination as to why so many dogs would—in clear weather and mostly from the same side of the bridge—kill themselves in such a peculiar way.

in later years, canine specialists have been called in to investigate the matter, concluding that possibly the strong scented urine of certain minks would lure the animals to their deaths.

no-one really knows.

A LEPER COLONY CALLED SPINALONGA PARTS I-VI

I

the lighthouse outside Spinalonga !

how it collapsed a moon ago,
or many moons ago—
not one person can remember

(not even the harbors or the trees remember)

as the city of the lepers had fallen,
those with arms and hands left,
and those whose legs still retained some function,
founded and tended an Eden-garden
where weed and thistle first grew
out of the tower-fall rubble

and in the very middle of that garden
the lepers erected a *dolmen*

in honor an epitaph
in sacred and endless remembrance
of the mythic pharos which once stood there

it emanates a light so strong that even Leviathan
snoozes from it !

its rays penetrate the shallower waters
and rouses her from the deeps
a hundred-thousand fathoms
beneath the jasmine veil of night
swaying like the dark eternity
a b o v e

II

there was once a duchess on Spinalonga,
a burdened widow of remorse and regret, yes

her duke had died from dysentery
and he had left beautiful paintings,
which he had made from the emetic eruptions
caused by a malignant dysentery-demon

some of them still hang
in the tower stairway

once in this very tower had i a vision imbued by them
and it was a vision of the duchess herself

in my vision she was naked
and had an ancient woman's body,
as if she had laid in a bog for centuries

also, she had very long black hair
which was kind of beautiful
had not her face been the face
of a bloated human corpse
with eyes pushing out of their sockets
and a skin black as coal, leathery

her face was that of a sorceress
and her heart was black as the soot of life,
and when she opened her bewitching mouth,
a serpent came from thereout and bore speech
to all the lepers of the colony

one of the lepers failed to smile upon her arrival,
which disappointed her

because of this, she changed her mind abruptly,
and the serpent retracted throatward again,
staying ever down there from thereon

... the duchess uttered not a word more !

only a haunting stare of death shook them all !

and—she remained silent...

she has not spoken since

III

the arch of Lazarus hangs welcoming over the entrance
to the graveyard of lynched children

the leprous weaklings move in procession
passing through a vomitorium of sighs
descending into oubliettes beneath
to dwell theredown forever !

and smiles and laughter shall echo
through the cave-walls of this sullen undergrowth !

in forlorn times, the heavens had opened up
like children's mouths bent awide,
and volcanic rock poured out therefrom
and cracked and broke thunderously
in a most wonderful play of the Gods !

i see, i hear the smiles and giggles of persons
now buried under ages of rubble and ruin,
sleeping under ash and the golden pumice

in the soil thereunder rests failed but courageous heroines,
the skeletal and obsequial remains of them,
their tombs and mossy ossuaries

scratches from the fingernails
of these abandoned martyrs
adorn the walls of the underground

... no wrath can possibly outmatch
the wrath of a leprous harlot grievously wronged !

there is no corpse which exudes
a sulphur-gas of odium more vitriolic
than the corpse of a wronged,
hurt and vengeful woman

(may these spirits reach the angstloch
as to release themselves ?)

the catacombs of Spinalonga are long
like the tentacles of a squid
reaching for everything
and in every direction,
through every dimension

IV

i had a dream

i understand now

i am it

this tower ! this lighthouse...

and i have fallen—but still—
i guard the coast with hawk's eye

i strike do i with beak and with claw
and terror shall not stop me in my tracks—

i am i !

in *opia*
with the devil's eye of storms !

i am locked into it, i am within it,
as if punished i am
inside it, immured into it

the light i emit
is a light
which leers like a sore

a sore around which vermin crawl

botflies swarm and fester !

V

Spinalonga—*island of death and rot !*

concentration camp of human refuse
citadel of tarnished human bodies,
fortress of failed, defeated flesh
everywhere i can see the rotten faces
emanating from the nightmare-realm

black haunting dogs !

maschalized infant botchings
are scattered like drops of rain

young girls are left in shallow pits
after their assaults and murders

their mothers could no longer defend their daughters
for they themselves had perished in an epidemic
of morbid and self-inflicted marasmus, the *anorexia mirabilis*

Spinalonga is a world of syringes,
white powders, small plastic bags
and old lighters which do not work anymore

a world where coprolite outvalues amber
and is regarded with higher aesthetic esteem...

VI

Spinalonga
is under demonic jurisdiction
of the fever-plague-demon
Pazuzu

a safe-haven for the botched and the unwanted,
the sick and the crippled, the clinically melancholic,
the addicts, the prostitutes, the maniacs
and the criminally and spiritually insane !

all the molested children and murdered women
without mothers and fathers and families
to bury them

all courageous witnesses of the wrong truth
who fought with valor for the wrong side,
cynical in afterlife forevermore

all the wailing spectral apparitions
of lost, pained ghosts
making presence like a lightshow
on frozen nights of blackness
above existential taiga

leprosy-colony
Spinalonga
welcomes all !

THE THIRD PATH

between moral realism
and moral relativism
the pendulum swings

but i on the outside
denounce them both
in favor of a third path

there is a void between the poles,
and i draw my breath therefrom

a false ubiquity i behold !

it is a castle of sand
and a roaring tide behind it
i can see !

FALL OF BABEL'S TOWER

the air is thick as corpse's blood,
the moat is clogged with human debris

the tower sinks into the sea
and philosophical paradigms
offend and revoke themselves
by revealing their most fundamental truths
as falsehoods

a desultory search for truth finally ends !

the louse-ridden tower was once majestic—
now, rodents live in its walls...

a palace ambiguously dignified
by the dubious graces of darkness !

scenes of apocalyptic violence are portrayed
on the center stage of the tower-garden

kings, patricians, blue-bloods and dukes
are defenestrated from the Babel-tower
in a post-modern iteration of *la Terreur* !

an amphitheatrical performance
of decadence,
hedonia
and gluttony !

THE SHARK-TOOTHED MENTAWAI

*the tribes on the other side of the waters called them the “flower people”.
they never laid a hand on a plant or stole the breath of life from an animal
without asking sincere and profound forgiveness to the spirit of the animal
or the plant, ambassadors, as they were, to Great Wind’s spirit*

gum-tree warriors !
initiated in the crafts of Arat Subulungan,
proud Mentawai art of ink-cutting

adorned with embellished necklace,
their hair flowered beautifully

bow and tube and poisonous arrow !

the strong loin-cloths of the fighters
are beautiful and embellished,
and hung on the side of them, the sharpest *palitai* knife

a *kurabit* shield hangs on their backs as always !

*their women sharpen their teeth
with a chisel for aesthetic reasons,
often as a rite of passage,
and they transform their teeth
in this manner, I have heard,
in order to mimic those of a shark*

glory be to the Mentawai !

i hope you muster to outlive
the grinding despair of modernity
and all of its ugly children
spreading their disease !
aaaaaaaaaaaaah ! ! ! ! !

POEM TO ÆTHELFLÆD (870—917 ANNO DOMINI)

Æthelflæd —

your breasts are mountains !

the spirit of resistance in you,
how it may never rest or withdraw
or cease to hope the good hope !

hurry, beautiful defendress

you

matrix of resilience

arch lady of the Mercians

patroness of the martyred

take up your sword —
the sea dragons come !

hungry storms yawn on the Northumbrian horizon...

* * *

Æthelflæd —

kiss our swords,
for we are weary !

the waves are short and ragged this dusk,
how they wage a war on the mud-rock
and on the sands of the shores
of the home of our forebears

you, saint, foresee the dark night :
shall the sea-vipers of the north
arrive from heathen lands,
or may we sleep a single hour ?

just tell us when to prepare,
and we shall die for you

warrioress queen Æthelflæd

come, you :
feel beneath your skin
the uprush of wilder, jubilant energies !

shoot the religious phenethylamine into your veins

burst out with war, lead the way,
tonight, they come... we can see it in your eyes !

tonight —

war and love !

for you

and country

POEM TO LAUTREAMONT

life was given to me sarcastically

now i wade the swamps of doubt
in search of something steadfast
to rest on

life was given to me as a wound
that every birthday bleed afresh –
i try to bind it with rags,
i try to cauterize it,
and i have considered amputation

life is weird and mysterious

i burned myself on God's stove—
now i try to sooth the burning sensation
with the aloe vera of self-deceit

life was given me as a wound—
suicide has not yet permitted me
to make that wound a healing scar

AS WORSHIP ENSTORMED THE BLAZEBIRTH HALL

Dedicated to Kaldrad and the Blazebirth Hall...
not for everyone – absolute underground black metal geek stuff

* * *

horizonless void of searing coldness frost
engrassing sun from afar winter's tower
to wide open ablazen darkcosmos

doomwinged horizon of vastland
enslashing the coldness with darkteeth of flame & sword

afrozen ruin of andkosm hall darkembrace envaulted dragon :
icewing guardian of kosmhall enbound to frostchained Völvaspells !

mighty Kveldulv awaken from Kosmhall grave !
enshadowing a wolf eye – night and fog !

endarkened windhowl of ancient blazebirth forest
salvage eternal moon from embittered aeon's frost
and foredoom the afrozen storm

afar winter's tower and spirit of Blazebirth Hall
enstormed the nightly darkrealms frostkingdoms...

encroaching upon darkness watchtowers
is luminary enraptured wanderer in the white light of Stormheit !

BENEATH THE ZOLPIDEM ZODIAC

a spell, as if from a witch,
jagged my back, a thunderbolt !

my spine cracked and my posture rose eagle-like,
and a venom-attack of asps made the waters storm
in the vein-cosm within me, my life's canals

now i rise in ranks of the world !

the circle is complete but not yet filled

look to the sky, children of this world :
crux is in final upheaval
and it will affect us here on earth

the insight turned my belly upside down
as if from a pleasant alcohol
or by some ensorcelling opium brew
what lies now before us
if not the beautiful soil of this world ?

and what is soaring above us
if not the worms and bugs
and beetles of the ground ?

the atavism of Aryan spirituality
purged the insides of me
into a metallic substance

time for another Stilnoct ! ! !

ANOTHER RHYMING EXERCISE

the rhyming exercises are mostly for fun. i do not consider them good in any serious capacity. i suck at it, but it can be entertaining sometimes to try to do a “traditional” poem. of course, when i do it, it gets bleak pretty fast.

* * *

*there flies a bird as white as life,
an ugly, peaceful dove
which carries darkness in its beak,
the poem wroth with love*

*the farmer wakes at morning,
weak with pain and ache—
there's no peace in sleeping in
when mares so twist and shake*

*the farmer stops at night-break
to welcome home the dusk,
he grips the seed of death with warmth,*

now peeling on its husk

*with mordant grip around his knife,
he cuts the grain in half—
he sees therein the seed of death,
and carves an epitaph*

*as sun sets darkly ominous,
he treads his dusty path,
in his palm he holds his dream,
the grain he cut in half
his hut, stern, built of timber-oak,
cumbersome a house,
embellished with the memories
of a dearly loved spouse*

*royal scribes and bards beloved,
their hands rest comatose,
the farmer dreamt a poetry
blessed with angels' prose !*

*no scribe or bard can out-compare
this master amongst men,
for one who sees the depths of love
shall never rest again !*

*whence shall his cup of nectar
dry like menopause ?
how long shall grief outspan his joy,
fear remain his cause ?*

*how long may life flow gutter-like
with the poison of the asp—
seeping from a void of doubt
that none can verily grasp ?*

how can one not blame oneself

*when life knocks firm the door,
carrying verdicts to the young—
of regrets, of nostalgia yore ?*

*to life itself he has become
the spiteful, bitterest foe,
and how can the farmer, lost from love,
reclimb that high plateau ?*

*as every day must die alone
upon the cross of night,
the farmer sees his truest self
absconding, like a kite*

*the visions overflow his soul
like the great deluge,
yet he shall never build an ark—
small nor great and huge !*

*a viscid hearth of soot and blood,
a sorrow black as led;
he sits down 'round its lonely flame,
remembering why she's dead :*

*she grabbed the knife as bow in hand,
aloof in hopeless mists;
she played her violin up and down,
with beauty, on her wrists*

*imps of grief and ghosts of doubt
with every step they taunt...
how long may the spectres stay?—
how they screech and haunt !*

*a thousand nights, a thousand days,
weary is he, old,
and the bitter muscle of his heart,*

is pumping weak and cold

*a final night he wept away,
burdened by the guilt,
a final morn' alone in here,
the house which sorrow built*

*now weeping in his deathly throes,
"now i'll come for you",
he swallows now the poison-seed,
the grain he cut in two...*

LOVE POEM TO EDITH SÖDERGRAN (AN OLD UNEARTHED RELIC)

i'll see you in the shadow
below the southern spruce
i'll meet you in Karelian summer
below that big, big tree
i'll meet you at the root of it
where there are beautiful flowers
i'll cough when you cough and i'll bleed
so that You'll never bleed out!!!

i'll never see you in that shadow
i wanted to – i was too late
so i can just write these bad, bad lines
and hope it can reach you from here
i want to see all your cats
i want to see the old mansion
i want to hear the Swedish you speak
i want to drown in your feeling

as war raged on by your window
so did that of your life
because you found your dimensions
and fuck whomever did not !

sickness, critique nor war
could break your beautiful spirit
which was yours, all so yours
and i love you for that

born an old, old soul,
Raivola could not contain you
you're a spruce, I am rain,
you're a seed, you'll live again
come , i'll lend you my lungs ! ! !
never will i meet you
so why can i not forget you ? ? ?

TWO HANDS FROM THE DARKNESS

two hands stretched out from darkness !
two thumbs, two arms, and two shoulders

eight eyes, three labia, deadly horns and tusks

and a voice in whispers emerged as well !
and then two feet, two knees, two thighs !

and all of this emerges from a great black hole :
an upper body with fourteen teats...

its silhouette is in the darkness !

Lovecraftian horror !

a great fleshly member similar to that of a mule
whose emission is similar to that of a rapist
can be seen by those who look carefully

and all the children looked.
all of them baffled, all of them begged,
all of them opened their mouths...

SHORT GAY POEM

every human being
is a center and a regime,
and a body, and a knife:
centers are dragged outward
and regimes fall in fire,
but memories of scars
die as hard as love

A THIRD RHYMING EXERCISE

the rhyming exercises are mostly for “fun”. i do not consider them good in any serious capacity. i suck at it, but it can be entertaining sometimes to try to do a “traditional” poem. of course, when i do it, it gets bleak pretty fast.

* * *

*down with its cart and off with its plough;
to become neutered all cattle must !
because deep from the tripe of a hideous cow,
the throat coughs but vapors of dust !
and gaze down the hole of the tubular tract
of the beast-stinking, astrobleme anus;
devoid of faeces, like some Rome it is sacked,
but from there drips semen – how heinous !*

*with tar in their veins and salt on their tongues,
their stomachs are barren, no wombs;
called by the kulning with soot in their lungs,
in tethers toward abbatoir tombs !
these horrible sins ! this venereal crime,
the keenness to experience flesh !
and astray they were lost in Bachanallian grime –
and ancient wounds opened afresh !*

*the spaying, while gross, of the slut-cattle starts
as sentenced, to much sob and whelm;
the cow-bells are silenced ! and soon, no more carts
will travel the roads of our realm !
and mighty the king of the oxen reveals,
its fur; reddish, beautiful, coarse;
and mighty, its calls and passions and zeals,
to all destitute cattle-fuck whores !*

*the salt has been licked and the oxen still rape,
the pasture succumbed to a war !
the dung is fermenting, ground and hill quake,
the earth pooled with blood and manure !
in wanton revealed, with pleasure obsessed
the cows rest, so bloated and full;
anointed, crowned prince, martyred and blessed
by the dung of the Bonnacon bull...*

BENEATH THE CHURCH THE DEVIL BREATHES

how they welter, how they bask
proudly in the warmth of equality—
it has become the idol of their worship !
they take on this equality not conceptually
and not as a mere principle of politics
or as a judicial mechanism of regulating equality,
but as a concession to spiritual existence
and they feed from it, this hand outstretched,
the one busy weaving the tapestry
of their “ecumenically shared morality”
when it is not preoccupied handing out
to these piglets of equity
their precious pre-chewed pellets of food
and it is with this apocalyptic collectivist folly

they engage with the world
in a self-perceived spirit of justice and fairness,
but fail however recurringly to realize
the torrential current of egoism, narcissism,
group-think and cowardice which undergrows it

slithering, meandering like the Styx,
woebegone like the Lethe and the Acheron,
as if the wormcasts beneath the old church
from where the Devil once in a while
makes himself a fiendish presence
from his long-protruding catacomba...

reminding them yet again
of the darkness they fail to keep at bay,
and births yet again some concept
of esoteric abstraction
that will float above their fatuous minds,
but, in its most toxic and potent formulation
would quiver even the spine of God
with the neuropathic pain
not even a mighty dosage of pregabalin
could ever quell !

RUNNING WITH NIHILISTIC SCISSORS THROUGH LIFE

as you despise solitude so you despise freedom—
from wounds of wisdom and introspection
your life will bleed the freest blood,
a flowing ichor, brightest red iron

only in the loneliness
and in the mirror-walled palace
can you be yourself truly,
far removed from even
the pettiest of exceptions

as you avoid solitude
so you avoid freedom—

a life
shackled
fettered
manacled
cuffed

does not a great bulk of our sorrows,
personal failures, disappointments,
betrayals, worthless efforts and the
chronicity of spiritual confusion
depend on the social constituent
of our behavioral schemata,
and on the human relationships that it spawns forth ?

loneliness is suffering
in the absence of human comfort—
sociability is suffering
in the absence of loneliness and freedom

insoluble equation and paradox !

the wounds the world cure it also inflicts
with its sword of great contradictions

renunciate life— it is yours to abandon

unsubscribe to the dictum
of intrinsic morality if you want—

repudiate the proposed intrinsic value
of its allegedly depressive and harrowing nature

but then what ?

have you ever been told that suicide
is the summit of cowardice
and that its apparent egotism
negates and per se illegitimizes itself ?

suicide !

the hand of God
breaks its fingers upward
in mockery and in renunciation !
this is true almost always...

but suicide could be the most basic right of all,
and Camus was definitely on to something :

the philosophical primacy of the question
of a Hero's voluntary death
should not be addressed
with some soft, docile meekness !

we must ask ourselves—
who would deny Gilgamesh or Herakles the right
to put their own daggers to their throats ?

it is a moral law, i understand it is a moral law,
but it is a moral law to “protect” the feeble
and those weak of heart from themselves

and it is unbecoming of a Hero to subject
him- or herself to the laws of the land
as well as to the laws of the many

a Hero is subject only
to the highest Law of God !

A FAREWELL LETTER FROM THE HEDGEHOG

*"i am the hedgehog
dying bit by bit
thorns falling out
one by one
without anyone nor anything
noticing
i die little by little*

for my pile of leaves is burning like reed

*by the second the degrees heated
and in a fortnight
the pile of leaves will give away
to the match and phosphor of nature*

*we all die, and so i shall die too,
and i will die the death
of lonely and burdened wanderer
now that my pile of leaves has turned to ash—*

*but is it not beautiful that the nails of the corpse
keep on growing after death,
and that the memories of great deeds
also echo, at least for a while—*

*until they too drop off the frequencies
and becomes lost in the white noise static
of all meaningful happenings unremembered,
adding to a great, depressing history
of lost, forgotten, buried greatness..."*

[the hedgehog later committed suicide
by way of excessive knife violence]

CULT OF THE BEAR KING CRANIUM

Lyomante dirge, the Great One perished !

the flesh, blood and tears
of our mothers and daughters
are consumed
by the treacherous black colloids
of spiritual battlefields

*i saw
in dreams*

from the mouths of sacred idols
a hundred energies
spiral whirlwindly
around the bear-totems

and around the rack where the beasthides
of yesterday's hunt hang to dry,
authentic spiritism manifests powerfully

around totems blessed ancient
grey mists spook, winds howl
and cubs of bears cry aloud
in the thick boreal forest

there is a pungent aura around them,
and it whirls and unfurls with the percussion
of our hearts, the congregated !

I can hear too, a distant percussion
through the dense groves of Ainu woodlands,
ritual drumsounds of foreboding !

the great bear has returned !

impaled bear-king !

furry martyr of the caves

the cloudy contours of a bear king cranium
ablaze a Hokkaido sky
sleeping in the autumnal rhapsody of Night

* * *

The Ainu people are indigenous to the northernmost Japanese island of Hokkaido (and also to some parts of far-eastern Russian islands close to it).

They are animistic in their religious practice. Their religious customs involve nature-worship and they consider the bear a holy creature amongst other lesser.

They practice a cult of arctolatry and they have a certain ritual which is in their native Ainu tongue called Lyomante, wherein they slaughter hibernating mother-bears in their caves. The bears' cubs are then raised in captivity for approximately two years, ending with ritual slaughter by the means of suffocation or impalement by spear.

The tribe then consume the animals' blood and flesh and the skull is impaled on a spear wrapped in the skin of a bear, making a religious idol, which is then worshipped.

WORMCASTS OF THE LOVE DRAGON

i have found my rugged way across the sea
and the winds have caught my sails
often with favor and sometimes with misfortune —
my journey has been perilous and it is even perilous still,
although nowadays, i have reached this shore and with it,
the conclusion that the ultimate answer to every question is :

i do not know !

and it is with this harrowing approximation
of a depressing epistemology
i continue to carry my life, alas !

i withdraw my drogues from the water
and set sail to the shores of my home
with a sense of non-completion
and with the miscarriage of ambition
dead in the embrace of my bosom

many years later, safe from the crenelated tower,
i can safely report to conclude that the original pathogen
of the final suicide wave of humanity was in fact love—
the monstrosity of the abyss rose to the surface !

love strangled and love hurled spears

love desecrated holy matrimonies
and love cuffed losers and derelicts in loneliness

yes, love kills like a virus,
but immunity is even worse !

i wanted to hang myself too, believe me, but

“as the dog returns to his vomit, so the fool returns to his folly.”

L'APPEL DU VIDE

the imp of all things perverse sits on my shoulder,
whispering of rape and of pillage ! arson and mayhem !

dreams hopes vermicomposts terrorist plots

descending in choir with daggers and improvised riot weaponry
in their steel hands—down here is a rebellion, and it must be quelled !

the panzerfaust of the sky moves about
and something awakes (the ground shook)

libido destrudo

molest each-other, taking turns—

i am the first lemmel, and i can see the cliff now ! ! !

and i am the mongrel between swine
and something angelic !

i float above genus and identity

no external attributes define me

i have no experience to tell of, and
no wise message to bestow !

i allow a willful corruption ! my resignation
is humiliating but necessary, and i surrender unto Satan !

i become a mouth-piece of terrorism
and the depraved violence of evil

and i become but a weapon swung in the hands
of demons and genies adorned with wreaths of fire !

leave me alone for this reason, and besmirch me not
with your empathy—
i want no flowers
on the headstone of my grave !

no grievous widow, no abandoned children
weeping mournfully...

i want some black dead dog
to give me company and affection;
that is all i am worth—
nothing more, nothing less !

confession :

i want to commit unforgivable acts
of gruesome terrorism !

for years we sat in our academies and in the class-rooms immersed in the dialectic of existence, telling ourselves about the fear beyond the thresholds we have drawn around ourselves like magic circles—these, the thoughts which mothers rear from in the ninth month, and these, the impulses which husbands try to ward off right before they fall victim to themselves and betray their spouses...

i am diphenhydramine in the flesh—i am your feet,
i am the first step over the line you yourself drew,
i am that threshold—i am diphenhydramine,
one half nightmare, one half oneiric transcendence !

i am in love with a haunting presence—apparitions

her smile is the mist i lose myself in :
i am an orphan home-sick
for the home of my childhood :
alas, it does not exist anymore

*dépaysement, l'appel du vide,
désespoir et de façon destructrice...*

TZOMPANTLI— THE WALL OF SKULLS

there is a rack of skulls erected
on the top of a hill in a green verdure,
and the hill is steep and covered with moss...
and the soil beneath hides secrets

and is fertile with the death of centuries
and he who walks alone this verdure
always walks uphill, but beneath his feet
are the broken bones of the worthless people
whose lives were lost somewhere
en route the hill summit

* * *

a *Tzompantli*, commonly described as a skull rack in English, was a type of wooden rack or other construction made for the public display of skulls.

the phenomenon is documented in several Mesoamerican civilizations (perhaps most notoriously used by the Aztecs—the name *Tzompantli* is a word of the Aztec Nahuatl tongue). the skulls probably almost always belonged to sacrificial victims or captives of war.

THE MEDUSA PYLONS

i know neither these fresh waters nor this dew of clouds

the umbelliferous flower shakes and twists,
emitting deathly miasmata
almost humanlike...

i can feel the mushroom take hostage my senses

primordial soma !

the petrichor of the second deluge moistens the air i breathe

i behold the cobra-people in their fierce struggles for honor

knowledge-potions and mana of destructive magic
i bottle for my journeys

the bodies of assassinated gatekeepers
pave the roads of my conquests

failed sirens of Delilah i expose and mock
and the dung of false friends fertilize the fields of my upbringing

equipped with lackluster instinct
and sprung from a failing genome
i finally sense the power :
martial and spiritual redemption !

the medusae lament their ancient sorrows
from pylons out in the stormy sea

and in their calls
i find my way !

THE GREAT DOGS OF NINKILIM

N I N K I L I M !

vector of all pests to man !

black iron blood and his grey fang-teeth,
vomiting malediction from a sole eye !

and it grows like a child, that malediction,
and it gnaws like a rat through the fiber
of what separate worlds

these fields are diseased

and to put a seed into this soiless soil
and to fumigate the air of these fields
with the censer of ergot and rotten juniper
is to rouse the demon-king of locust-plague :
rodent-lord Ninkilim !

Ninkilim—
kingly appointee of drought and field-pests

demon-prince protected
by a circle of fiery weevils

anti-clockwise anus opening,
screaming up the dunghills of the world
as if a fecal sun, the *rectum borealis*...

seek shelter in the heart of Ningirama

drink the secret wisdom
from the tablets of Kubatum !

incant the ancient banishing spell against Ninkilim :

“get rid of the great dogs of Ninkilim, locusts whose mouths are a deluge, a tempest, mice whose mouths are a deluge, a tempest ! seize them by the hand, take them away to the latch of the heavens ! roast them by command of Marduk, lord of exorcism, by command of Adad, king of plenty, and by command of Ninurta, foremost one of E-kur !”

[this is the *incantation against Ninkilim*, drawn from the Zu-buru-dabbeda, the neo-Babylonian and neo-Assyrian compendium of incantations including apotropaic magic and defensive spells against field-pests such as locusts, grasshoppers, insect, larvae, weevils and other vermin. these pests and scourges were referred to, by common town- and countryfolk as well as by the priesthood and in the religious literature, as the "great dogs of Ninkilim"]

NINGIRAMA !

apotropaic mongoose spirit of the air and the earth !

Ningirama... he who protects the farmlands from the cobra

the patron of the fierce mongoose,
for they are his children

tread carefully and at your fatal peril,
because Ningirama is just in his judgements,
and he weighs your lot perfectly in his scales of truth

he is nevertheless ruthless
to the complaining ones,
those without gratitude and maturity,
and he bestows blessings and gifts
on those pure of heart and soul

...and he will strongly slay the great dogs of Ninkilim
wherever they are to be found !
that is, if a proper sacrifice has been offered unto him

but beware :

when Ningirama, on the other hand, decides that one deserves nothing
better than cobras and field-pests, then nothing better than cobras and
field-pests shall verily come one's way !

THE LYNX DEITY

the bizarre howling of a lynx deity cuts the frozen air
like Leningrad infant meat is cut in two –
one piece each for the parents !

the morbid meditations of a lynx !

in dreams of prey and blood musing on the
philosophical nature of victimage and predation

the lynx-eyes are fixed on the gosling !

and there ! nature has its course !

from the carcass of the killed gosling
something new emerges

that something
we venerate
as the spirit
of the lynx god

they kill goslings...
that is what they do ! *the mighty lynx gods !*

WITH EDELWEISS ON OUR CHESTS & KRUPPSTAHL IN OUR HANDS

war and will !

statues of heroism,
bronze and granite

marble faces, light-blue gazes

eyes of bluest stone and splendid gold

ancient lands !

of Scythia of Gallia
of Slavonia of Germania

gleaming spoiled in warm spring light !

sons and daughters of the sun !

k r a f t d u r c h f r e u d e !
d u r c h g l a u b e u n d s c h ö n h e i t !

sacred stone, rock and gem,
quartz and pine woodcuts,
the hero-gaze ablaze
through amber and lapis lazuli...

azure vision of Walter the Visigoth,
his eye is river-blue,
menses-red,
sun-yellow

river-blue
menses-red
sun-yellow

river
womb
sun

triune givers of life !

three bestowers of life

a light shone
from an unashamed worship
of masculinity

the homelands cooled in shadows
cast by great Sarmatian eagles
with mighty wings and a whitest
feathered plumage

their beaks of diamond and pearl
held together the Manichaean ubiquity of life
with a greatest force !

steel and marble dedications
below their flapping wings...

Edelweiss and Kruppstahl
shine above them in a pinkish horizon—
the Walpurgis fire luminating it
eternally from below

the signal fires and the watchtowers
of the European lands
are lit again

and manned once again
are the anti-aircraft guns !

THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS

(inspired by the paintings of Jheronimus Bosch (c. 1450-1516), especially the so-called – modernly named – “Garden of Earthly Delights” triptych (1490-1510) and somewhat illuminated by certain artistic, poetic, theological and Jungian analyses of his work.)

disciplined for the longest time
by the torrid toils of nature

subject to injurious labor,
plodding under severest threat

carrying whole civilizations
on their black and bruised, muscle-torn shoulders

and in the garden of earthly delights,
i am but another stack of mud...

in these ever-spanning garden of delights,
i have struggled over field of rye and through forests

i have killed a man over but a stone of gem
over a wallet, a bag or even some wire of copper
as to sell it for a penny or a dime or a crown
i, in turn, can trade for some bread and a loft !

and i surely belong to the common !

there is nothing special in my suffering

there is nothing excellent in my character

not even my sins are really extraordinary...

i am a clay idol of mediocrity !

common decency, common corruption –
same phenomenon, different laboratory glass...

and man shall now reap what man has sown :
delinquency, false morals, debauchery for centuries –

a loud roar thunders across a glaciated waste :

the stampede of great auroch herds
deafen forevermore our ears

let the purgation begin :

we anxiously await the Rapture
to tear the skin right off our bones !

but we earned it well, so we should not complain
in our beautiful garden of earthly delights ...

but – for this reason : let us smother the throats of the children
and rub their eyes with ivy and salt ! let they not see what we saw !
any cost, any price – everything is better than *this* !

let them forevermore be oblivious to the realities
bestowed upon their beloved mothers and fathers

masses of humans are plodding into the gulf
and flushes away between the drifts ! the mass suicide !

the pale and pitying moon depresses the atmosphere
with its cynic bid against the world and its inhabitants
to forbid or destroy sunrise from ever happening again !

above the most desolate summits
blow the gusts of disquietude and dishonor –
terrible arctic winds and gales
tear and whip and lacerate the sky –
a most hypnotic art of blood
across the heavenly dome – traumatic phantasmagoria !

the sizzling sunlight struggles
and dies a death without honors
just like its primal subject on earth

every single one of her children,
every single human accursed
by the earthly delights and lusts
and addictions they so verily,
and willfully, indulged in

every single one manacled to the within
of this unimaginable abyss of anathema
ever-gloaming !

quivering, shivering on the barren shore of nothing –
marooned on a black granite rock suspended in space ...

trapped at the junction
of a hundred diametrical philosophies in opposition

quaking in perturbations of fear

the human being tries to exhaust the enemy
with her very screams of panic
as a final measure of combative desperation
and vexation against life itself

the human now becomes aware of her predicament :

with every blink of our eye
a hundred offensive actions to pick from :
a thousand possibilities, options, outcomes and fates

a roll of the dice possibly so random as to lose faith in agency itself

humanity – a causal oddity or an anomaly,
another static between two other significant events ?

another small factor, a component, a grain of sand in the hourglass ?

in any case – a common man's teleology
is preached by the whip which lashes
his back into scars and wounds screaming !

wounds which exhaust a most deadly and virulent miasma...
how could we otherwise contend with these sullen realities ?

* * *

a greenish fog hangs thick, clouding ominously
the yoke of life which is beset by the moss and shrub
and drenched in human blood of sacrifice

victims of superstition in a land of tenebrous mental twilight

violet streams of violent midnight glitter in the golden dust
lit by lamps their eyes alone shall never behold

my eyes wander across
the great swathes of primordial ginkgo woodlands

fleecy, rose-tinted clouds of fluorescent, serene poise
spread ethereally with indolence, sunshine and naivety...
they shall soon be molested !

the perfume of lotus-blossoms and red camalotes
greet the carrion-flowers
and the porphyric magnolias of paradise
pervade the nostrils of only carcasses anymore

invisible voices from ignivomous mouths
exultant for fire and sulphur to rage across the Three Panels
are clamoring together the wild chorus of Apocalypse !

a fearsome aurora sputters up,
shewing again hopelessly the ruinous dice-rolls of life...

the reddish hue of sunrise
blackens into deathly denouement

bronze-embellished lighthouses
built of blocks from iron mountains
steer the ships onto awry directions
assiduously and with intent

the Quartet of the Final Judgement
straddle their horses once again –

Pestilence, War, Famine and Death !

the investiture of a new Religious order
in the garden of earthly delights !

orchid-wreathed darkness of the woods makes presence :
goggle-eyed abomination ! above the flowery arches
of quaint gardens and pretty cherry trees

white-roofed pagodas are splattered by cascades
of the roseate entrails of the innocent : the Massacre is absolute !

two red eyes hang from two sockets in the sky –
they have never been there before !

people die from the shock, the terror !

such a sight that could only be seen
in the most torturous phantasms of the night –

nocturnal coruscations from subconscious abyss !
the spiritual conflagration of the soul...

fantastic orders of Nymphaeaceae
enormous like cosmic chimneys
propel pink omissions of smoke
suffocating the world slowly

innocence collapses into guilt and regret

nudity collapses into shame and molestation

beauty collapses into ostracism and eroticism

the human spirit forever trapped
in its own inherent enantiodromia,
the push-and-pull of mankind's ever tide !

everything fails further
as man infests further

how stupid is the human !?

the same hamartiological mechanism repeated
forever and ever and ever,
again, and again, and again, and again –

to no avail
to no luck
to no remedy !
to no improved outcome,
after all, what-so-ever !

* * *

we are all on our way to the Right Panel !

like bulbous pustules, red-sore blemishes excised

like flotsam of some insignificant wreck flushed away
is the valor of our unsung heroes

here are no heroes riding caparisoned white horses
alongside thick autumnal forests in their armors

there are just jaded old women and men,
survivors and veterans of the Apocalypse
traversing to faint, lone campfires great distances apart
just for a possibility to make amends
with the most basal of their corporeal needs

across the darkest mountain-ridges
of such lengths that neither end of it could be seen by no man
they seek the bedrock of their luck

but rotten morsels and emptied shacks of food
is all that ever greets their desperate diligence for survival

i have waded alongside these hopeless, destitute flocks :

i have devoured my beggar's bread with an appetite
formed by sweat and labor, and splashed with the color of blood

i have seen the strange, shaggy herds with tinkling bells on the leaders !

the sarcastic scions of a primitive peasant stock
already so tumbled down the slopes of barbaric degeneracy
as to record in their very own genealogies
the Devil himself as their Noble first progenitor !

fleeing as if game beasts toward the cliff,
as if hunted, panicked, broken beyond agency

this sweating and swooning idiot throng
collapses on itself like hordes of terror-shook buffalo –

endless bog of people each disappearing into the other

putrid moor and sump, treacherous quagmires of entrails and limbs

multiple layers of dead matter piling on top and on top
forever locked in strange organic loops none can grasp

endless cycles, endless vortices,
endless again-and-again forevermore

endless, anonymous, irrevocable
disappearance of souls forevermore :

the refugium of a lost race
forgotten and sunken in mnemonic abyss...

absolutely alien modalities of life
operable to the human eye only as glowing gases –
the hideous miasmic murk and sweltering vapors of Hell –
rule everything we know, everything we do not know,
everything we know we do not know, and everything
we do not know we do not know

eternal non-remembrance awaits there, beyond the Third Panel,
where human form does not exist

for the Third Panel is but a portal to what is beyond it ...

and beyond it is a torment which is eternal,
and whose immundane and ethereal character
permits of no ordinary interpretation

and it forces a contingency of argument into conclusions
not easily digested – the complete and total hopelessness...

unimaginable vistas so endless as to be unexplainable,
whose mystique so impenetrable and dense with nothingness
that no common mind ever wants to observe or even suspect it

human life is emblazoned by its own absolute radiance
to the point of collective existential astigmatism...

Hell ?

Hell is the punishment of having to consciously repeat again
your every vice, sin and mortal transgression
in the garden of earthly delights,
but having to do so with the conscience of a saint

this world hangs suspended in the cosmos,
the impermeable darkness,
whose only other inhabitant is God himself, distant...

WAR DOVES OF THE PRIMEVAL WATCHTOWERS

i drown !

and the storms vary
between mild and fierce

the skies vary between dense and clear,
the soils vary between all the colors of the world

the seas vary between roaring and calm

the forest yawns with its tongue
waning towards the smiling moon,
blazing sparks into fires across

the firmament, revering the supreme silence
of Nordic night

the ants creep and crawl
over sun-warm root and stone

the erratic bugs migrate
in warm hues of autumnal dusk

i hear the twittering of the war-doves
scouting from their primeval watchtowers

ancient eldritch sirens wail their songs moreover; moreover,

their ***** are hot and flaming, boiling geothermally
pine trees rotted to black sticks are scattered
across overgrown, untrodden wolverine trails

i envision predators in the dusk and they frighten me !

the froth and blood dripping
from the vermilion jaws of chromium beasts !

the day varies between cold and warm, clear and
dark, safe and hostile—just like storms, just like
forests, like lakes and the fire slowly suffocated by
the vapor of the very coal that gave its life

sometimes the sky roars with thunder and bolts of lightning roll
like heavy chariots across the nigrescent horizon :
the earth beneath my feet trembles
and my sight is clouded by thick mists when I see it !

a stupefying glory to behold !

leper fingers caress my cold shoulders,
and i feel it—diseases call me their home !

my personality is a spiritually random cloud of thoughts,
emotions and anxieties in ever-becoming,
bundled into baby-flesh and spat out from a woman's hole !

my swollen eyes stare down
the barrels of hideous truth,
and i shiver and i shudder cold

blessed be those days when my eyes pierced
everything—i remember them in nostalgic visions !

can you recall the rapture ?

when your flesh was hugged by all the rays of the sun,
and you became from it, in spirit, clear, bright, luminescent ?

blessed be those days
when your fangs set upon all flesh
and your daggers shred
the central nervous system
of whole cultures !

i envision my own mind to follow
the pulsating cycle of the ebb and flood
breathing in the seas of hope
someday

but today—i am weary ! the modern world
lies on her back, Gaia in the position of a rape-victim

mother nature strangles her own throat !
and i, i shall commence to strangle mine as well

but first i shall live a while !
make something of myself, i shall try...

THE ARCHITECTURE OF A CHURCH

sacred ground below
a doming frame
covering the softness
of human flesh
here praying
corrugated iron, wooden structures
roofed with thatch and arrogance

before a Lord careless,
empty, simply not there

Hetoimasia in occult revelation—
but why is it empty in the first place ?

murals of inferno !

the arts and crafts of hell

cruciform bima, crenellation dripping with vomit

liturgy destroyed by broken reticence

gargoyle son and daughter :

filthy insect of sacrilege
practicing incest as sacrament !

the Divine phenomenology unlocked
by the fact and reality of pain—

the key was never lust, never ease, never peace —
but pain !

and what is that sound i suddenly hear ?

it is the beating of the heart of the Lord
like the thundering of a hammer on a church-bell,
the scorched brick bell-gable
of apocalypse-dragon's clangor—is it not ?

is it not ?

* * *

receptacles of a poisoned eucharist !

as they arrive widdershins encircling
the nave of obsessive sex and ecstasies
in waves, floating through aisles
like blood through veins of the finger
a negative matter streaming, charging
through dark tunnels, *la-bas...*

the atrium of the deepest hole,
source of death-dark energy

the architecture of a stone church
became a gluttonous opening to hell

but the architecture of the real church
is an architecture drawn in flesh,
not built with mud-brick, wattle and daub,
split logs, soil, dirt and stone !

it has been whispered
through-out the centuries :

“ the real church is neither
within logs, nor brick, nor stone,
but within rib and flesh and tissue,
and skin and veins and bone ”